

BARNYARD FOLK FULL OF THANKS, THOUGHT SQUIRE

Wabbling Rooster, Spry Old
Hens, Dog and Cat at Peace
Cause Amazement.

MINCE PIES THE CAUSE.

Pastry with a Kick In It Set
Out to Cool Gobbed Up
by Unexpected Guests.

(Special to The Evening World.)
CEDAR GROVE, N. J., Nov. 28.—
Squire Hake Baldwin is just about the
angriest man in Cedar Grove today, and
he declares that his Thanksgiving Day
was not accompanied by a single mes-
sage of thanks.

He would have been thankful, in fact,
he was thankful for just about every-
thing up until Thursday morning, and
then things got "minced" up properly.
It all happened because the Squire's
wife gave the mince pies too much brandy.
And they did get properly "minced."
The story as told by the Squire was
enacted something like this: Uoria, his
wife (who pronounces her name Uo-ri),
spent most of yesterday morning prepar-
ing the two huge mince pies which were
to act as the epilogue to an equally large



disaster which the Squire was going to
produce as a mince pie performance, and
which was to be attended by Postmaster
Cowie and George Henry Smith and the
Mrs.'s.

About noon-tide, as the Squire re-
turned home from the Newark Reser-
voir, where he had gone to get a drink,
he saw something coming wabbling down
the Hilde road which caused him to
stop and blink. At first he thought per-
haps he was wabbling, but upon receiving
a denial of this, from himself, he pro-
ceeded to study the on-coming wabbling.

It was one of his Plymouth Rock
roosters!

"Wal, an' bewitched!" he shouted
half aloud to himself.

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render a decision.

As the member of the fowl family
approached the Squire was able to get
a better "bird's-eye view" of his con-
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Squire and then lifted its head and
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But that wasn't all. When the Squire
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And then, in a retrospective mood, he
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lay Spike, his big Newfoundland watch-
dog with Sophia, the Maltese cat, nestled
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Then he was greeted with another sur-
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SHIPWRECKED SAILORS BROUGHT BACK, BUT NOT ALLOWED TO LAND

Five Who Lost Citizens' Pa-
pers in Swim for Life Held
Up on Arrival Here.

His members of the crew of the three-
masted schooner Brookline, owned by
Herbert W. Spillane of Boston, were
brought here yesterday on the steam-
ship Christopher of the Booth line,
which docked at the foot of Fulton
street, Brooklyn.

The Brookline, in charge of Capt. John
Kerrigan, sailed for Barbados June 1
last on a long voyage, and after making
many ports was approaching St. Philip
in a calm a strong current carried the
schooner on a submerged rock and part
of her bottom was torn away. Capt.
Kerrigan beached the Brookline and
told his crew to swim with him to
shore, half a mile away. Getting ashore
almost exhausted, the captain and crew
walked through a dense forest to a
railroad many miles distant.

The crew was sent back to this coun-
try by the United States Consul at St.
Philip, the captain staying to get his
passage from the Brookline. All the men
are naturalized, but except one man
lost their citizenship papers in swim-
ming to shore. The one man was al-
lowed to land, while his five com-
panions were held on the Christopher
pending investigation by the immigra-
tion authorities.

though her peasant heart would break.
"What's the matter with you?" asked
the legal authority as he gathered her in
his arms.

Between tears and sobs she explained
that she had made two big mince pies,
filled them full of raisins, good, healthy
meat and plenty of brandy and set them
out on a board by the side of the house
to cool, and when she went out to get
them later she found they had been
eaten up and nothing but the pie tin re-
mained.

The Squire released his hold. It was
several minutes before he spoke, and
then when he did he said meditatively:
"An' ter think that I tho't they were
drunk with thanks!"

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